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THE GARDENER'S LOVE SONG.

How among the fragrant flowers
Swiftly to the perfumed hours—
Oft I sit in reverie.
In the Father land is she
In whose care my heart reposes,
Larkspur, lilac, pansies, roses,
Hellebore and orange-tree—
Each some attribute discloses,
Dear one, of thy face to me.
And they all betray the traces
In their newly-opened faces
Of their own unconscious grace—
Of their fellowship with thee.
Hark! The breeze that stirs the petals
Of the sweet anemone
Makes me dream that thou art sighing,
And the peace within me dying,
Turned to anguish prostrate lying,
Prays and cries aloud for thee!
Sweet thoughts that fill my mind,
Sweet as breath of summer wind—
Blowing other gardens over;
Or from meads where fragrant clover
Lures the bee and hides the plover
As thy charms have hidden me—
As thy face shines thy love—
As my heart is lost in thee!
Cloudless be the skies above her
And the sun's last ray at even
Bear her through the gates of heav'n,
There, where blossoms never fall,
Will the fairest flowers all
Bloom for me!

—From the German, by Ernest N. Bagg, for the Springfield Republican.

LIFE IN THE DEEP SEA.

Curious Revelations of Dredge and Microscope.

Like the North Pole the ocean bottom is completely sealed to the human eye; but we can at least form an idea of what there is far down in the depths of the sea, says a contributor to the *Hartford Courant*. A year or two ago it was my fortune to be connected with a Government expedition having for its object the exploration of ocean bottom, and it will be my aim in this article to convey an idea of what we learned. By means of a large rectangular iron frame with a long bag net behind we dragged the bed of the sea in depths of two or three miles beneath the surface and brought up wonderful animals and rare treasures. Some twenty years or more ago few were so wild as to believe that any kind of living matter could exist in the depths of the sea, and to most people the finding of such life far beneath the surface was as much a wonder as the finding of a sea-serpent would be to-day. It seems remarkable that animals can live in the deep sea where the pressure is many tons to the square inch, but they are so loosely put together that the pressure extends into all parts of the body and no ill effects are felt. We live on the surface of the earth with a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, but unless it was shown by experiments no one would know it. So with the animals on the ocean bottom, each bearing a pressure as great as that of an ordinary railroad engine, none of them are aware of the load they carry, but they move as freely through the water as do their brethren at the surface.

We were on the Fish Commission steamer *Albatross*, a fine vessel, fitted up in the most modern fashion, and made expeditions for deep sea dredging. We made frequent trips far out towards the Bermudas, where the ocean waters extend downward to a depth of fully eighteen thousand feet, and then we cast our dredge and scraped along in a blind manner after whatever we could find. It was the deepest water that had ever been explored, and our results were most wonderful. The bed of the sea was found to be a mass of dark blue, very sticky mud, which, when examined by the microscope, was found to be composed in large measure of the minute shells of a very lowly organized animal with no common name but called scientifically *Foraminifera*. This mud existed everywhere, and, curiously enough, it is found to be almost exactly the same as the chalk cliffs of England, differing only in that it is still muddy. If a bit of chalk is examined with a microscope it will be found to be composed of multitudes of beautiful shells, and there is no doubt that this ocean mud would form into chalk if it could be exposed to the air. Each fine muddy particle is the cast-off remnant of an animal that lived and died in the great depths of the sea. Strange to say these creatures which build such beautiful shells are the very lowest form of animal life.

All the animals that we see in everyday life are built of millions of tiny cells, but these *Foraminifera* have but one. They have no stomach, yet they can eat; without nerves they feel, and without feet they move. When they wish to crawl along the elastic wall of the cell is sent out into a sort of thread and the liquid substance within runs into the thread so that they move by making a temporary foot and then pouring themselves into it. Their mode of eating is also peculiar. In the course of their motion they strike against something which is good to eat (and they can tell whether it is or no without tasting), then two threads are shot out on either side of the edible object and the food particle is completely surrounded. The ends of the threads break open and are, so to speak, welded together, then the walls surrounding the food particle disappear, and as if by magic we find the food within the body. Their power of forming a temporary mouth and destroying it the moment it is formed is very remarkable, and I have watched it again and again by the aid of my microscope. These lowly creatures often build most beautiful and complicated homes. I never tire of examining through the microscope some bit of ocean mud, for in it I am constantly finding some remarkable form of shell. They are often spined, sometimes they

are as smooth and polished as the best glazed china; at times they are pure white, then again they are banded and striped with every hue of the rainbow. It seems a pity that such beauties should be so small and hidden so far from the eyes of men.

On this great bed of mud the most remarkable creatures live in vast numbers. There are serpent-like starfishes, beautiful branching corals, ugly black fishes, pure white, "sea-cucumbers," bright pink, purple and red sea anemones, and a host of other creatures. The fishes are always strange and uncouth, with huge mouths and stomachs all in one, but with the tail hardly noticeable. When the fishes are brought to the surface their air bladders and stomachs protrude from their mouths, their eyes bulge out and the blood is forced through the skin. Life has been crushed out of them by the sudden change of pressure, the gills within having burst the tissues and body walls asunder. The tremendous pressure of the water was well shown by lowering an empty bottle, which was crushed to atoms.

There is a very curious deep sea animal allied to our interesting hermit of soldier crabs. These fellows have a soft and unprotected tail, and one of the first moves after birth is to rush about for a deserted sea snail shell to cover their unprotected parts. This shell the hermit carries about wherever it goes, taking a new one now and then whenever it outgrows its old home. This house moving is inconvenient, for as soon as the hermit exposes his soft tail to the gaze of his fellow crabs they are apt to give it a nip, and our hermit may find himself tailless, and hence of no use in this world, for with the tail goes the stomach. Besides, in the deep sea deserted shells are not very common, and our hermit may find himself without a home when he most needs one. Born in the same waters there is a curious polyp, or sea anemone, midway, scientifically speaking, between a true anemone and a coral polyp. Unlike the ordinary sea anemone, its body walls are filled with sand, so that it does not form good food for fishes. Shortly after birth this anemone, which has been swimming around for a few days, is seized with an uncontrollable desire to settle in life, and accordingly he runs plump against the shell of a hermit crab, and very seldom misses his mark, and immediately commences tying himself on to stay. He grows rapidly, and in a few days has completely surrounded his hermit's shell, leaving the opening above uncovered. The next step is to absorb the hard shell, and all this is accomplished before the hermit has felt the necessity of a change of residence. Once having the hard shell absorbed our anemone does not suppose that the crab shall leave it, so he commences growing slowly, just keeping pace with the growth of the hermit. So the two live together through life, each doing the other a favor, the hermit carrying the anemone from place to place and probably leaving bits of food for its satisfaction now and then, while the anemone furnishes the hermit with a comfortable, transportable house, which grows to suit the growing demands of the tenant.

RUSSIAN PRISONS.

The Terrible Rate of Mortality Prevailing Among the Inmates of Jails.

The Russian Administration of Prisons has just issued its report for 1885. On the 1st of January, 1885, there were 94,488 persons incarcerated throughout the empire. In the course of the year 703,254 entered and 697,769 individuals were liberated, leaving a residue of 93,973 still in prison. Women formed about 8 per cent. of the convicted. Notwithstanding a certain amelioration of sanitary appliances in the jails, the rate of mortality remained stationary. Of the 88,002 prisoners who were treated in hospital, there died 2,183 men, 246 women, 646 children. In this respect the island of Saghalien stood in the worst position, its sick list showing a total of 66 per cent. on the year, but the number of deaths there are not given. Diseases arising from humidity, insufficient ventilation, and defective sanitary arrangements are the chief scourges of the state prisons. Among the 4,029 persons who passed through the prisons of St. Petersburg 2,675 were accused of theft, 139 of political offenses, one of bigamy and one of apostasy. The largest number of offenders belonged to the artisan class; not one is specified as a peasant. The expenses of the penitentiary service in the whole empire amounted to 11,798,614 rubles, being a diminution of 521,239 rubles upon the expenditure of the preceding year. This economy was partially effected by reducing the cost of the equipment of the prisoners. There was a falling off in the receipts derived from the products of the prisoners' industry from 133,750 rubles in 1884 to 103,536 rubles in 1885. Moreover the Coal Mining Company of Saghalien, which is supplied with convict labor, paid to the State 31,456 rubles for the rights conceded to it.—*London Times*.

Walter Scott is credited with having been a dunce at school. The following appears to prove the contrary: Once a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie" what part of speech "with" was. "A noun, sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give me of such a thing?" "I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says 'They bound Samson with withs.'—*Drake's Travellers Magazine*.

SHREWD UNCLE TOM.

A Celebrated Maine Wag Plays a Little Joke on His Son.

Thomas Wight, a famous wag of Oxford, during his declining years, deeded his old homestead to his son, Mark, and built him a house on the west side of the road, where he dwelt with his daughter.

At this time Mark owned a mare named Fan, a most beautiful animal, the pride of her master and pet of the entire family. One morning Uncle Tom asked Mark if he would loan him Fan to ride to Oxford Village and buy a little tobacco.

"Why, certainly, father," replied Mark. "When do you want to go?"

"Now," said the old man, "and what will you charge me for the use of Fan?"

"Thirty cents," said Mark.

"Well, here is your money," replied the father, "please harness the beast."

Fan was quickly led from the stable, her sleek, glossy coat glistening in the morning sunbeams, and, with head thrown aloft, her slim neck proudly arched, and her expanded nostrils seeming to scent the battle afar off, she constituted a scene for a painter.

Uncle Tom donned his big cap, and, after binding about his waist a stout piece of rope, he placed on his arm a small basket containing a T. D. pipe, a flint and piece of steel to light it with, as he discarded matches, a piece of bread and cheese, an almanac and an old singing book. This constituted his outfit, and he was then ready.

Fan immediately champed her bit, beating the turf with her foot as if eager to be off.

"Be still, Fan," said Mark, in his stern, sharp voice; "Betsy and I are not going to-day; the old man is going, so be quiet."

The intelligent animal rubbed her finely-molded head against the shoulder of her master, and then lovingly caressed him with her fine muzzle, as much as to say: "I understand, and then stood perfectly still."

Uncle Tom was soon seated in the wagon, and, seizing the reins with a nervous grip, he ordered Fan to use moderation, as he was a poor old man. Fan, well knowing her business, and contrary to her usual custom, assumed an ambling, mincing pace, and soon disappeared behind the adjacent hills.

When the old man arrived at his destination he drove straight to the hotel and ordered the hostler to unload the beast, feed, groom and take care of her till called for. He then went to Mr. Baker's, completed his purchase, took his basket on his arm, and started homeward on foot.

"Where is Fan?" inquired Mark, as he saw his father approaching, pretty well tired out.

"She is at Oxford," quietly returned the father.

"What, sick?"

"Oh, no, she was well when I left her."

"Why didn't you bring her home?"

"Why, the thing is I had no right to. I merely hired her to ride to Oxford, and not home."

Mark sat and fully appreciated the joke. Laughing heartily, he started for Oxford on foot, a distance of four miles, claimed his mare, and, after paying the bill, drove quietly home without a word of complaint.—*Oxford (Me.) Advertiser*.

FUNNY MR. FRESHLEIGH.

Why a Humorously Inclined Law-Clerk Is Looking Around for a Job.

A rather prepossessing young lady entered the office of a well-known lawyer the other day and inquired:

"Is Mr. Brief in?"

"Won't be in for two hours," replied the dapper young clerk whom she addressed, surveying her from head to foot with an approving glance. "Any thing I can do for you?"

"Yes," was the reply, and the lady produced from beneath her wrap a handsomely bound volume. "I have here—"

"I thought so," interrupted the clerk, with a deprecating gesture. "I sized you up as soon as you came in. But its no use. We never fool away money on subscription books in this office. Didn't you see the sign outside? 'No Peddlers Allowed?'"

"Sir," began the visitor, "this book—"

"Oh," laughed the flippant young clerk, "I've no doubt it's the biggest thing out, but we don't want it. 'History of the United States, ain't it, from the time of the Mound Builders up to the present day? Big thing, I've no doubt, but we've no use for it.'"

"If you will allow me—"

"Really," said the youth, who was greatly amused, "I'd like to, but it's against the rules of the office to yield to the blandishments of book agents, no matter how young and good-looking they are. Couldn't think of looking at the book my dear. 'Life of Napoleon,' ain't it? That's a chestnut. One of our clerks bought one last month for four dollars, and yesterday he traded it off for a yaller dog, and then killed the dog."

"I wish to say—"

"Or may be it's a humorous work, with wood-cuts that look as if they'd been engraved with a meat-axe. No, we don't want it. We keep a humorist here on salary to amuse us."

"Say, you're awfully persistent, my dear, but it won't do any good. If old Brief were here you might talk him around, because he's a susceptible old duffer, and thinks every pretty

woman who looks at him is in love with him. But I am not that kind."

"Sir, if you will—"

"Say, I hate to refuse you, 'pon my soul I do, but I'm broke, and that's the truth. Come around in about six months, after the old man has taken me into partnership. I'll be flush then, and I'll take a book, just to reward you for your stickativeness. I say, you're a mighty pretty woman to be obliged to peddle books for a living. I—"

Just then the attention of the loquacious youth was attracted by the frantic gesticulations of a fellow clerk in another part of the room, and he paused.

"You are Mr. Freshleigh, I presume?" said the lady.

"I—er—yes, that is my name," was the reply.

"I have heard my husband speak of you. I am Mrs. Brief. Will you please hand this book to Mr. Brief when he comes in, and ask him to take it to the binder's? Good morning."

The lady left the office; the mercury in the thermometer crept down out of sight; the office cat had a fit, and young Freshleigh fell in a faint.

The next day lawyer Brief advertised for a new clerk.—*Tid-Bits*.

A CENTURY'S GROWTH.

Territory Acquired by the United States Since the Louisiana Purchase.

It is a century since the famed "Ordinance of 1787" was passed by Congress, and the first Territory organized—the Northwest Territory, whose official name was "The Territory Northwest of the Ohio River." The ordinance was passed July 13, 1787.

At that time, the United States embraced only 820,680 square miles; Florida belonged to Spain, and the Mississippi river was our Western boundary. Our first acquisition of territory was the purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803. This province embraced not only the present State of Louisiana, but all the vast area from the Mississippi on the east to Oregon and Washington (which then were claimed by Great Britain) and the vast region known as Upper California, belonging to Mexico, on the west; and from the Gulf of Mexico to the British-American north. To be more precise, it embraced what are now known as Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, the larger part of Montana, the larger part of Wyoming, part of Colorado, Nebraska and the Indian Territory, and was 390,928 square miles in extent, or more than 100,000 square miles larger than the original domain of the country. For this we paid \$15,000,000 to France.

Our next acquisition was Florida, in 1820, for which \$5,000,000 was paid, adding 59,720 square miles to the National area. In 1846 the dispute with Great Britain about the ownership of Oregon—embracing what is now the State of Oregon and Washington Territory—was settled by treaty in our favor, and 22,425 square miles more became ours.

In 1845 Texas became a member of the Union by annexation. The independence of Texas, had, however, never been acknowledged by Mexico, and by this annexation we also annexed the Mexican war. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which ended the war, Mexico relinquished her claim to Texas, and we paid her \$15,000,000 for Upper California—embracing California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and the western portion of Colorado. In 1853, the "Gadsden purchase," a strip of land south of the Gila river, now part of Arizona and New Mexico—was bought of Mexico for \$10,000,000. By the annexation of Texas and these two purchases, 934,260 square miles of territory were brought under the stars and stripes.

Alaska with its 577,390 square miles, were purchased of Russia in 1867, for \$7,200,000. This is our latest territorial acquisition. Thus, in 84 years, we have obtained by purchase, treaty and annexation, 2,752,723 square miles of territory, costing \$52,200,000 in cash direct, not considering the cost of war.

It is manifest destiny that the extension of the Union shall go on until all North America is under one flag. Canada, Mexico and Central America will eventually be added to the Republic, and our boundaries be limited only by the encompassing oceans and the Isthmus of Panama.—*Toledo Blade*.

Why the Crow Is Black.

The Indians of the extreme Northwest had some very remarkable legends about the creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious was that which accounted for the raven color of the crow. One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but, on account of the scarcity of water, refused to give him any thing to drink. When all the rest were asleep the crow got up to hunt for the water-butt, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke escaped, but Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.—*American Magazine*.

—Prof. Scott of Rutgers College, is writing a history of New Jersey.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The Prince and Princess of Wales will celebrate their silver wedding next year.

—Chauncey M. Depew has an indexed list of over 1,500 after-dinner addresses that he has delivered at one time or another.

—Mr. Labouchere says he admires the Queen above all other sovereigns "because she has such a thorough and sensible dislike to court ceremonies and other such tinsel fooleries."

—Jay Gould stocks his steam yacht, the *Atlanta*, with fine wines and liquors for other people, but takes nothing himself. He is not a temperance man on principle, but has no taste for such beverages.

—Mrs. Cleveland has received from some admirer in Mexico a coat-of-arms of the United States, worked on heavy card-board in feathers. The feathers, most of them colored, are from many different kinds of birds.

—Throughout England, and even in Parliament, Mr. Parnell's name is usually spoken as in this country, with the accent on the second syllable. But he and his closest friends accent it properly on the first syllable.

—The Empress of China has presented six hundred stanzas of poetry of her own composition to the Hanlin College, while Prince Ch'un has written a collection of verse in which he has described the novel objects that he saw in his tour through China last year.

—Frank Vincent, who wrote "The Land of the White Elephant," has just returned from a 55,000-mile journey in South America, where he had been in every capital and important seaport, and explored many leagues of unknown territory. He is a quiet man, tall and slim, with a dark brown mustache and a well-tanned face.

—Shakespeare seems to have been pretty well up in most of the slang phrases of the present day. In "Henry VIII," we have "toothin"; in "King John" "come off"; and "you are too green and fresh"; in "A Winter's Tale," "What? Never?" and, although he does not exactly use the exclamation rats! we have in "Hamlet," "A rat! a rat!" which is pretty near it. John Bunyan used the phrase "It is a cold day" in connection with adversity.—*Boston Courier*.

—The Sultan of Johore has a wonderful palace near Singapore. Its wealth and beauty rival the "Arabian Nights" tales; and he is always willing to show his marvels to the many strangers touching at his shore. He entertains his guests at meals with food served in golden vessels, which service cost \$700,000. The regalia he wears is valued at \$500,000, a sword Queen Victoria presented cost the neat sum of \$50,000, and he delights to dazzle the eyes of his enchanted spectators with these wondrous visions of wealth.

HUMOROUS.

—Harry—"Larry, which will be the last language spoken on earth?" Harry—"Well, I should say the Finnish."

—Will some one bring us a load of stove wood? We are tired of the plan of eating our roasting ears raw.—*Texas Plover and Hammer*.

—"I want to be an angel," sang a female voice in a side room; and, thereupon, a heartless wretch in an adjoining apartment broke forth with:

"Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, gun gun."—*Boston Transcript*.

—City Girl—"Are those great strong cows over there yours, sir?" Farmer—"Yes, mum; and they are the strongest in this section." City Girl—"Then you must be the man that makes that awfully strong butter, ain't you?"

—A Russian named Skrzypczywsky, recently lost a blooded colt worth two hundred dollars. He had his farm fenced with his name and the colt ran into it and cut his legs all to pieces on the "G's" and "K's."—*Dakota Bell*.

—"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?" "By a very simple method." "What method is that?"

"When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."—*Texas Siftings*.

—The Result of Tight Lacing. There is a young girl out at Do, Do. And her looks were said to be so, so; But she spoilt her dear face By her corset's tight lace And now she can get nary bean done.

—Springfield Republican.

—"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but you are something of a reading man, are you not?" "O, yes, sir, I often read half the night through."

"I thought so. I am seldom mistaken in judging character. You have a passion for literature, I suppose?" "Not exactly; I'm a proof-reader." N. Y. Sun.

—Professor—"To-day you made another spectacle of yourself. I am much displeased with you and wish to remark that to-morrow I will punish all of you severely unless you are so quiet that a mouse can be heard to run across the floor." A Scholar—"If you please, professor, shall I bring a mouse with me in the morning."—*Tid-Bits*.

—Boarding-House French.—Mrs. A. (who is taking French lessons).—"Now, Bridget, when Prof. Blanche comes you must say 'Entrez' to him, and he will know what you mean and come into the parlor." (The bell rings, and Bridget goes to the door. It is the professor). "Ontario," says Bridget. "Wud ye walk into the parlor, sir?" (The professor walked in and Bridget reported her triumph to the cook.)—*Harper's Bazar*.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

UNFAIR WAGES OF WOMEN.

The Unjust Discrimination Made in Wages Paid to Women for Performing Skilled Labor.

Even when doing the same kind of work, and work which a woman plainly can do as well as a man, the woman invariably received less wages than the man. In the manufacture of cotton goods the men mule-spinners received one dollar and fifty-seven cents a week, men frame-spinners received one dollar a week, and men ring-spinners (the third hands) received three dollars and sixty-six cents a week more than women received who did precisely the same kind of work. Girls, as spare hands in reeling and warping, earned five dollars and eleven cents a week less than men, though reckoned as second hands at the same work. In the cloth-room women were paid two dollars and forty-nine cents a week less than the men. In the manufacture of musical instruments women action-makers earned six dollars and fifty cents less per week than the men. In the manufacture of paper, girl finishers earned four dollars and seventy-three cents less than the men, and less even than the boys engaged. Men proof-readers received twelve dollars and forty-eight cents a week more than women proof-readers. Women press-feeders were paid two dollars and ninety-nine cents a week less than the men, and women book-compositors received four dollars a week less than men. In the manufacture of rubber goods, women rubber-workers received three dollars and forty-five cents, and women spoolers received two dollars and fifty-eight cents a week less than the men doing the same kind of work. In the manufacture of woolen goods, women carders earned two dollars and seventy-three cents, and women spinners earned two dollars and eighty-seven cents, and women weavers earned one dollar and eight cents less than the men doing the same kind of work (13th Ann. Rep., pp. 422, 426); and so the story runs all through.

It is impossible to believe that this uniform difference in wages paid to men and women can be owing to any similar uniform difference in the ability of the operative to do the work. Because many of these occupations are ones in which a woman would certainly do as good work, and might very naturally be expected to, and no doubt does, excel as a worker, and yet they always receive less than men.—*William I. Bowditch, in The Forgotten Woman of Massachusetts*.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA.

A Noted Divine's Ideas on the Equality of the Sexes.

According to the Christian idea, says Rev. James Freeman Clarke, men and women are to act together, in all industries, all arts, all literature; in the church, the home and the State. "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Man's nature and woman's nature will always remain different, but because different, complementary; each supplying what the other needs. There are three ways of treating woman—the savage way, which makes her a slave and drudge; the Asiatic way, which makes her an ornament and plaything; and the Christian way, which makes her a companion and fellow-worker with man in all things.

In Christ Jesus "there is neither male nor female." Let us not be afraid of carrying out this Christian principle to its ultimate results. The result will be that woman will become more truly womanly, more refined, because better satisfied, and more fully unfolded. Society will become more pure, the State more virtuous, the people happier and better. When Jesus forbade the divorces allowed in His time, it was on the ground of the ideal union of man and woman in marriage, as making a perfect unit. And on this ground we claim suffrage for woman—that those whom God has joined together as companions in the study, work and joy of life shall not be put asunder in this great duty of government.

The Conditions of Moral Growth.

In the recent debates at the London University College Miss Mary Lowndes made an able speech in support of the theory that self-analysis retards healthy mental and moral development. In the moral, as in the physical world, she said, contemplation of self was apt to induce an abnormal condition in the part under observation, and this was fatal to healthy development. The opposer, in a speech of considerable eloquence, pointed out that there was no close analogy between physical and moral growth, that the one was an unconscious, involuntary process, and the other was not. The primary condition of moral growth, indeed, was the exercise of a faculty directly controllable by the human will, and that was the faculty of introspection. The discussion was carried on by Mrs. Mallet, Mrs. R. Garnett, Miss Heather-Bigg, Miss Bury, Mrs. Brooksbank and other students of the college, and a resolution in favor of self-analysis was finally carried.

Co-education of the Sexes.

In the midst of general friendly recognition of the success of women in college, the *Boston Herald* has this to say of the advance of co-education: "Co-education has advanced faster than any other feature of education in this country in the last decade, and, on the whole, is found to work well.

Nearly every prominent college in the land is now admitting young women to its privileges, and the more successfully it seems to work. The increasing demand for the higher education of women has forced their admission to college studies, if not in all cases to the rights of a regular diploma. It is believed (and it is pleasant to find a man like Dr. Deems, of New York City, of the same conviction) that time has come for a more open recognition of the place of women in our preparatory schools and colleges, and that it is a mistake to erect and endow any more institutions exclusively for the sex. The tendency of popular feeling is all the other way, and there is much to justify it. But when this result is reached a new social development will follow. With so many educated women in society, there will be a new deal of social forces and influences."

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

DR. OLGA VON DERTZEN wears five medals for service rendered in nursing during the Danish, Austro-German and Franco-Prussian wars.

MRS. HELEN T. CLARK, of Florence, has connected herself with the magazine entitled *Good Cheer*, published at Greenfield, Mass., and has removed to that city.

MISS MARY L. CORT has been appointed provisional president of the World's W. C. T. U. for Siam, by Mrs. Mary C. Leavitt, the world's temperance missionary.

MRS. SALIS SCHWABE, by a gift of \$2,000 to the Teachers' Training and Registration Society in Naples, has enabled it to establish its work on a permanent basis.

MRS. ISABELLA PRINCE, of San Francisco, has been engaged to go to Tokyo to teach the Japanese ladies of rank household science as it is practiced in the United States.

MRS. M. W. LINCOLN gave the first of a series of six illustrated lectures on "Musical Myths and Primitive Methods," before the Deerfield summer school, in the class for the study of folklore.

MRS. WINNARETTA SINGER, the daughter of the sewing-machine millionaire, is worth more than one million dollars in her own right. But she cultivates her talent for painting assiduously.

SENORITA ERNESTINA PEREZ passed her medical examination in Santiago a short time ago, and is now practicing in Valparaiso, with the title of "Medico-Cirujano." She is the first Chilean woman who has studied medicine successfully.

ONLY a mother knows the varied discipline of hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows, through which a mother passes to glory; for this is the mother's pathway, and she rarely walks on a higher road, or one that may lead to perfection.—*Mrs. Prentiss*.

MRS. FANNY ZAMPINI SALAZARO has started a magazine in Italy, of which she is the editor. It is called *La Ragazza degli Interessi Femminili*, and, as its title indicates, is devoted to the interests of women. The magazine has now reached its sixth number, and has gained the good wishes and influence of the Queen of Italy and the ladies of her court.

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON is in Paris, sitting daily for her portrait to an American painter, Miss Anna E. Klumpke, of San Francisco, who received an honorable mention in last year's salon. Mrs. Stanton is sitting also to the sculptor, Paul Bartlett, of Boston, who exhibits a group in the present salon. He, too, has just received an honorable mention. Mr. Bartlett will probably execute the medallion of Theodore Parker which will be placed on the reformer's grave in Florence.

MISS NETTIE VERNES, sixteen-year-old daughter of Chief of Police Vernes, who has frequently acted in her father's stead, conducted a burly prisoner to the county jail in Lock Haven, Pa., on Tuesday. When asked by a curious reporter if she was not afraid, she answered promptly in the negative. Miss Vernes is not masculine looking, as might be imagined, but is possessed of the grace and